

THE BOURBON NEWS.

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BRUCE MILLER, Editor and Owner

RESOURCES OF PHILIPPINES.

There is Vast Wealth in the Islands Awaiting Cultivation.

The most important agricultural product is what is known to commerce as Manila hemp. Thousands of tons of this fiber is raised annually on the Pacific slopes of the southern islands, where it also grows wild. That this is the leading product of the Philippines is due to the fact that its cultivation requires the least effort. With only careless attention it is possible to raise many tons to the acre. The fiber is obtained from a species of plantain called abaca, a tree which grows to the height of from 15 to 20 feet and is from 8 to 12 inches in diameter. The trunk may be as easily separated as a stalk of celery. An ordinary knife only is required to cut down the tree, and a rude instrument is used to press out the juice and shred the fiber. After a little drying in the sun, and packing it into bales of 240 pounds each, it is ready for shipment. The United States and England take almost the entire crop. Hemp of this kind is grown nowhere else in the world. It is said that a fortune awaits one who can invent a machine which will accelerate the process of pressing out the juice and pulp, leaving only the fiber. A rude knife and a lever for holding it strongly in position are the instruments now in use.

Next in the order of importance as a product of the soil is sugar. The poorest sugar in the world is produced in the Philippines, and yet the islands are capable of producing the best. The reason for the poor quality lies in the method of manufacturing, and not in any disadvantage of soil, climate or character of the cane, which is superior in saccharine. The methods of sugar manufacture which prevailed in the fifteenth century are still in vogue in the Philippines.

The third product of the Philippines in the order of importance is tobacco. While the United States furnishes a market for the hemp and sugar of Manila, scarcely any of its tobacco or cigars are brought to this country, except now and then upon sailing vessels engaged in eastern trade. But the crop is an important one, and tobacco and cigars have long held the same reputation in the east that the Havana product holds in the west. Lately the industry has shown a tendency to expand, owing to the fact that the Spanish government, realizing, in one instance at least, the effects of an evil policy, has abandoned its monopoly of the trade.

There are few other products of agriculture to be mentioned. Fruit is not cultivated, but grows wild in abundance and variety characteristic of a tropical country. Bananas of delicious flavor, oranges of poor quality, mangoes, guavas, and many other native fruits grow wild. There are no olives or figs, and there is no vine culture. Dairy farming has not yet been established in the islands, although there is said to be great opportunity in that direction. Butter is imported from London in bottles, and naturally, is held at a very high price. Throughout all the islands of the archipelago agriculture is yet in an undeveloped state. Vast opportunities may be found for exploiting modern methods of farming. There is not a farm in any of the islands which will compare favorably with even the worst on the American continent. Plowing is done with a sharpened stick, and nothing is known of agricultural labor-saving implements such as are used in the United States and other civilized countries. Only the most primitive methods are employed.

The mineral resources of the islands have never been developed, although they are known to be considerable. There is coal in abundance in Cebu and Negros. Gold is found in the alluvial deposits along the streams, and at the mouths of rivers, particularly in Luzon and Mindanao. Copper exists in the central districts of Luzon, and lead is plentiful in Cebu. Immense deposits of sulphur are found in the craters of extinct volcanoes, and in some of the islands there is found a good quality of iron ore.—Hon. Frank A. Vanderlip, in Century.

When You Meet in Japan.
Nothing is more amusing than to watch two acquaintances saluting in the streets of a Japanese town. As they come in sight of each other, they slacken their pace, and approach with downcast eyes and averted face, as if neither was worthy of beholding the other; then they bow low, so as to bring the face on a level with the knees, on which the palms of the hands are pressed. A succession of hissing sounds is next made by drawing in the breath between the closed teeth, interspersed with a series of complimentary phrases uttered with great volubility in a sort of undertone, each trying to outdo his friend in rapidity and extravagance of language, while the palms are diligently rubbed. At last the climax is reached, and each endeavors to give the precedence to the other. For some moments, perhaps for a full minute, the polite contest continues, then the ceremony abruptly ends, as if the difficulty were capable of none but a brusque solution, and the two pass on hurriedly, with a look of extreme relief.—Brooklyn Citizen.

To Communicate with Mars.
An eminent astronomer says that for communication with the inhabitants of Mars we should require a flag as large as Ireland and a pole 500 miles long.—Chicago Times-Herald.

THE FATAL GIFT.

"Sing," says Eusebius, and the minstrel sings.
The soldiers hardly lift their gloomy eyes. But soon the magic voice and wizard strings Re-arm defeat with zeal for new empire.
"Amazing!" cried the king. "In vain I thought To spur them to the ardor you inspire. Accept this jewel, with a kingdom bought And yet scarce meet for one of Heaven's choir."
"Sing, mighty minstrel; thine enraptured voice Should rouse the sons of sorrow far and near; Let tribulation, 'neath thy spell, rejoice, And let despair make way for hope and cheer."

Again the singer swept the enchanted strings:
Again arose the strain surpassing sweet; But disappointment fell on court and king; The mystic charm was somehow incomplete.

For ever and anon the restless eye Would fasten on that jewel, fair as dawn; And then—as if the blue should fall the sky— A subtle something from the song was gone.

Days passed away; the gifted bard became A songless dreamer o'er a priceless stone; Majestic genius stumbled, halt and lame; Entrancing power renounced her regal throne.

"Mine, mine, the fault!" exclaimed the troubled king.
He turned and gave directions to his men: "Take from the bard that rare and costly thing!"

Then, then the singer sang with power again.

—Rev. H. Edward Mills, in Chicago Advance.



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III.—CONTINUED.

"Are ye listenin'?" Mike inquired, seeing that Darcie was eying his papers in a meditative way. "Beca'se av ye are not, I'll not waste me breath."
"Go on," said Darcie. "I was only comparing what I have said myself with what you are saying. It's odd we should look at it in the same way. You're a hot-headed Irishman, like all the rest of them, Mike. Why aren't you swearing vows against the oppressors?"

"Beca'se I'm wan av thim meself. It's not a hobo I am, packin' me blankets from camp to camp. I've a shikav av me own in the country; and if this foolishness goes on, I'm clane ruined. There's no man can run a mine in the Cor de L'ane—no, nor sell it, av he was to give it away—the gait things is goin' now."

"Ah, it's not a question av the miner at all! They wants to run things here the same as they does in Montany. Ye wouldn't believe the power av the union in Butte. Things was gettin' mighty quare last spring before the mine-owners tuk the defensive. Faith, there was little law in the Cor de L'anes that could howld above the law av the union!"

"Whin Hogan, the shif'boss, was murdered in the Caltrop mine—stabbed in the breast wid the prong av a miner's canle-shtick, an' him comin' out o' the tunnel to the dhrivin' house in broad day—there was plenty that saw it; but him that done it was a union man, an' devil a witness c'd be found to say he seen it. They wouldn't dast, for the union can protect its own, be they lambs or wolves. The hand av it was that heavy on the owners, a man couldn't be seen shpak-in' fri'ndly on the street with wan av them but the union tuk note av him for a traitor. There was not a thing the mines c'd do but combine, or quit business, or be dictated to by the union bosses, like childer! Last autumn, whin the mines shut down by common consent, it was partly to get better rates for transportation; but that wouldn't go down with the union boys. They had it the owners had turned the tables on them, and gone on a shtrike themselves; and that wouldn't do, ye know; for the first principle av the unions is that nobody shall combine but themselves."

"Well, the shuttin' down didn't work in all ways as they hoped. Fightin' it out is bad; whichever side makes the kick, the wrong ones is sure to get hurt. The best men wint off seekin' work where they could find it; the wans that sthayed an' growled, they was the worst av the lot, and all winter they was cussin' an' blowin' an' gettin' up shiteam for a big fight. Take a town full av idle men, an' free whisky flowin' by the gallon, and a set av bull-headed chumps that never did an honest day's work in their lives talkin' about the wrongs av the lab'r in man—ye know what'll be the end of that."

"The mines gev out in the spring they was ready to reshume, and published their scale av wages; three for unskilled and three and a half for skilled miners, the same as it was at first. And then the union put forth its last word: every man workin' under-ground sh'd get three fifty and no man sh'd take less and work wid his life in the Cor de L'ane. 'Twas then the owners shed their hat into the ring, and both sides shtripped for fight."

"'Twas aisy bringin' in men that was willin' to work for three dollars, and glad to get it, but it wasn't aisy kapin' them here. They couldn't bide the life they led, with the union puttin' its shpite on them. Some was seduced into 'finin', but more was scared out av the country entirely. They leaked away faster than they was fetched in; and thim that sthayed was that harassed

an' worried they couldn't do their work like min."

"At last there was two boys workin' in the 'Tale o' Woe' that had the sand to say they would nayther jine nor quit. They stud out an' tuk their punishment. Wan av them was an Amerikin, and he was cliver wid his talk about his rights to work where he plased, and for who he plased, under the laws av the country, widout I've av the brotherhoods. But they quinned him and his prattle about his rights. Him and the other lad that was workin' wid him, they haled up the mountain by a long trail."

"Where are ye takin' us?" says they. "We'll go out p'aceful, the way we come in, by the railroad."

"Ye might get hurted that way," says big Dan Rafferty, pokin' his ugly fun at thim. "Wallace and Gem is full av excited min; it might not be safe for ye. We'll take ye by a quiet road where ye'll meet wid no wan."

"And they prodded the boys up the mountain, abusin' thim all the way; two hundred men dhrivin' two-b'atin' on ole-cans wid shticks, and cussin' them wid every foul name they could turn their tongue to. They shoved them out over the Montany divide, and the clothes half tore off them wid the handlin' they got. 'Twas the month av April, an' the snows was cruel deep. They put them out on a forsaken road to wally through the drifts forty-five miles to Thompson's falls, and they strangers to the way. There's nare a house but wan, an' that wan closed aginst them for fear of the union."

"And that's how wan lab'r in man taches another who are his bosses in this free country. By the Lord above! if I come to have bosses over me, I'll not choose them wid the heart av an awl and the head av a han'shpike! Do they think they're doin' the lab'r in man any good by such blaggard work as this? Faith, I think we're like to have a labor inquisition here, if things goes on. 'Tis too much power to put in the hands av men as ignorant as they is sassy."

"Did the seabs get through?" asked Darcie.

"Wan av thim got through an' teshtified in court to what I'm tellin' ye; and wid him and other witnesses and affidavits by scores the owners got an injunction laid on the miners' unions, all an' several, for to quit intimidatin' an' conspirin' in the Cor de L'ane. But 'twas no use at all, except to make thim mad; ye might as well shake an old broom at a grizzly bear. Ye know the rest yourself. But that's how guarded train loads av shcabs come into the Cor de L'anes; and that's how it is the mines is armed an' barricaded—all but the Big Horn, sole and lone, which never come into the owners' association at all, and gives the union all it asks."

"What reason did Bingham offer, do you know, for not coming into the association?" asked Darcie.

"He gev the reason that the Big Horn is a wet mine, which it is; but nayther the water nor the work in the mine ever kep' the Big Horn boys underground whin the union wanted thim on top. They trots back and forth the same as they owned the mine. Some says the old man's that tied up wid his own foolishness he can't help the way things is goin'. Pether Banning, the foreman that's in since Misher Bingham come, has the pull on him entirely. He's a mighty man in the union, is Pete; an' he's well acquainted wid the saycets av the management. 'Tis he knows all about the commissions the old man has pocketed along av every order for supplies that he gets in; and a costly mine it is to run—for the comp'ny—ye may lay your life on that. Times when I was workin' in it, I'd hear outside that the mine was doin' poorly—not a hatful av ore in sight; whin I'd know meself there was bodies av ore bein' covered up by order av the manager, for reasons that he kep' to himself. Pether Banning is in all that, ye see; so the old man has got to be fri'nds wid Pether's fri'nds."

"Come, Mike, don't be scandalous," said Darcie, rising to his feet. "He's a soaker, if you like; a coward, I suspect, an incapable if ever there was one, but not a common thief and swindler!"

"Ah, ye know it well enough! 'Tis as public as the winds. The comp'ny's far away from the rumor av it, or 'twould have been known before now. The old man's name is rife wid shcandals; and how he comes by such a darlin' for his daughter is a thing I can't cipher out myself, niver havin' seen the lady he buried—Mrs. Bingham that was."

"We are not discussing the ladies of the management," Darcie demurred.

"Dod, I'm not like a fasset, thir, to be turned on and off wid a twist av the screw," Mike rejoined. "Ye can take me as I come, or leave me alone."

"I'll leave you alone," smiled Darcie, and then was silent for a long while; but he was too restless, apparently, to return to his writing.

Mike had a suspicion that his partner did not sleep much that night—not that he lay awake himself to see; but somebody had been up, burning firewood in unreasonable quantities. Darcie, who never complained of his food, left his breakfast untasted, and Mike refully scraped into the fire the whole of a fine boiled potato soaked in ham gravy.

"It's the heart av him shakin' his insides so that he cannot at. I have been that way meself. Ah, me little Darcie, ye'd better have wint for the doctor, or shstay wid the old man and put me to the proof, that has a girl av me own. I think I see ye this minute, Kitty darlin'; God's blessin' on ye, wherever ye are!"

IV.

A BROKEN REED.

The threatened notice for Darcie to pack his blankets was not, in his case, delivered in person. It appeared without visible human agency on the outside of the door of the Black Dwarf, and the language was such that it cannot be repeated here.

Darcie and Mike worked close together, and were never unarmed or off their guard. When Mike, two or three days after the storm, was obliged to go to Wallace for supplies, he avoided the railroad track and took the old trail, and Darcie remained in the tunnel, with his Winchester handy, and an ore-car on the track by way of barricade. He was in his working-clothes, but he was not making wages, not even the wages of a trummer, according to company prices. He was still grinding away at that equivocal position from which, as he had volunteered to Miss Bingham, the next eastern mail was to release him. He was already free in intention, and his conscience toward her was clear, but evidence of his previous position was still upon his person in the contents of a certain letter which he had written on the very day before the day that brought her to the cabin. To send it, or not to send it, that was the question. To whom did that letter belong?

"I'm a broken reed," he said aloud, and then he could not help laughing, for he was in a curious case. His meditation went on in the silence somewhat to the following effect:

"I can't do their work, and I won't take their money. They must send out another man; better not send a young one. By Jove, it's rough on the old company! I'm the fourth one, and I've 'succumbed,' as Mike says, like my predecessors. No, hang it—not like my predecessors. I thank the Lord I'm boodle-proof, and drink-proof, and proof, at a pinch, against the seductions of the elk and the big-horn in their native wilds. When Singleton came out, the foxy old manager took him hunting. Happy thought; hunt first, investigate afterward. Big time they had. They got so clumsy over their camp fire that Singleton felt like a brother to the whole outfit; by the time he'd shot a brace of big-horn and lost his money regularly at poker with the boys, there wasn't a spot on the sun of his regard. It was a simple matter to investigate after that. Took Bingham's word for everything."

"Poor Langley went down with a run; what with the attitude, and the fancy potatoes they seduced him with, he drank himself silly, and was shipped home like a sheep."

"Grant, they claim, never got any nearer the Big Horn than New York. That was a slander, I dare say. I didn't stop in New York; I never tempted the gods, and denied my weakness; I never professed to be girl-proof. I came straight on; thought I'd be safe when I'd got into the mountains."

"Comes a knock at the door one pitch-black night, and in she steps in her wet



"Is this Mike McGowan?" says she.

skirt like a lily in its sheath—a rose and lily in one. And I am gone, all at once, like a snow-slide in March; a chinook is nothing to it: there's not enough left of me to wipe up the floor with."

"What shall I call it, mountain fever?" No; Langley said he had mountain fever; mine is not the same kind. Say I've struck it rich in the Black Dwarf? No; the governor will ask for assays, and want to organize a company; no company wanted here. No; I'll give it to 'em straight; say that things are rotten, rotten as the devil; but I'm not the man for a committee of one to investigate Manager Bingham's administration. Let them discover the reason for themselves; they wouldn't believe mine if I gave it. I have told them there's a miners' war toward, and the time is not good for investigations."

Again Darcie spoke aloud, using, I regret to say, a strong expression in regard to the letter which he held in his hand. He flung it on the table:

"Why in thunder didn't I send it the minute it was written? The information in it belongs to the company. Is it theirs—is it mine? It's on my conscience that it ought to go. The amount of systematic robbery, and lying, and corrupting of the company's agents, that's gone on here is almost too picturesque for belief. I wonder what they would have put up on me if I had come announced as the company's representative authorized to make a report? I should have succumbed a little more previously, that's all. I should have looked at her and tendered my resignation on the spot. A curious fatality that we've both been here about the same time, and I never saw her till last night—

I mean two nights ago. It is an age, yet it is the very present moment that I live in. Hang the letter! How can I send it after our little talk about her troubles? I will trust you with all my troubles," said she. She shall trust me! If her notorious old parent is to be investigated they must send another man. We're a rum crowd over there. A set of doting grandmothers were wiser. It moves me to tears and laughter, the faith that is in us when faith is downright silliness, and the fantastic suspicions that feed upon us whenever suspicion's the wrong card."

Here a sound of footsteps crossing the dump from below was heard. Darcie crouched behind the car and

reached for his rifle; he listened sharply till he heard Mike's whistle, then he sang out:

"Are ye there, Moriarty?"
Yes; Mike was there, and he had brought news, of which he disburdened himself together with his bacon, and flour, and pail of lard, and matches, and candles, and coffee. He had, as he said, made a pack-horse of himself.

"I dunno f'what country this is we're livin' in now," he began in his richest bass, shaking out a reef in his "r-r's" till the timbers rang. "It's not a free country, be gosh! Call a man a foul name, and bate the loife out av him—that's right! Thim anarchists rounded up wan o' the Caltrop boys in town last evenin', and settled wid him for a shcab and a traitor. The gyards found him at daybreak, and tilphoned to the manager, and word come down he was to be sint up to the hospital on a han'-eyar. Tree av the Caltrop boys shoved him up the track, and as they was bringin' the eyar back the union min set upon them, and mishandled them, and two got away and wan was left on the track wid the sinse knocked out av him. And the mine shoved its guns to putrect its mine whilst they was fetchin' him in, and the women began to screech that the mine was frin' on the town. And all the bigmouths was talkin', and I think the crisis has come. And that scriptur' they nailed upon the door outside, that manes business, Darcie dear. 'Tis a small private matter, but I think they'll be lookin' after us pretty soon."

"Why do you say 'us,' Mike? Your name is not in it."

"I'm in whatever my pardner's in. But here's the quarest go, and, by the cross, I dunno f'what to make av it! I'm none so fond o' the nayborhood av the Big Horn, but it's the shortest way, and the boys is mostly in town on this racket I was tellin' ye, so I snaked along up the track, and as I was steppin' up the thrail by the manager's house, a nate little girl foregathered wid me."

"Is this Mike McGowan?" says she. "It's bound to be Mike," said I. "Whin a purty girl is passin' the word, I'm thinkin' 't was Abby Steers that's housekeepin' for Misher Bingham, but I thought her a good bit older than this wan. But ye niver can tell; they make themselves what age they please."

"Has that pardner of yours, Jack Darcie, has he left?" says she. "He has not," says I. "For why should he leave?"

"I heard he got notice, that's all," says she. "There's a lady wants to see him if he hasn't skipped; but she can't go to him, and it'll not be healthy for him to come where she is, if anybody happens to see him."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

ACTS OF HEROISM.

Often Performed by These of Humble Birth.

Acts of heroism were not wanted in the horrors of the fire in the charity bazaar in Paris. While the flame was sweeping through the mass of delicate, lightly-clad women, and the burning tar was raining down on them, there were men and women who remained calm, thinking of others instead of themselves.

A window was opened in the wall. The wife of the academician, Heredia, saw it and urged her daughter toward it. The girl pushed her mother forward. An old woman of the poorer class, named Surraut, had reached the chair before the window. She drew back and forced them to escape in her place. She was carried out later cruelly burned, and when asked why she gave up her chance said:

"They loved each other so much! I could not see them die."

One royal princess was present—Duchesse d'Aleucon. She was the chief patroness of the charity, and when they would have carried her out of the flames, she drew behind a stall, saying:

"Our guests must go first." She perished in the flames. None of her ancestors ever faced death more royally.

Among those who carried out the burning victims at the risk of their own lives were two scullions from the hotel, a poor cab-driver, a plumber and a street-sweeper. These men worked encircled by sweeping rings of fire and covered with frightful burns.

We very naturally explain the heroism of the high-born lady by saying that the feeling that she must be brave and courteous even in death had come down to her through generations of chivalrous ancestors. But how did it come to the scullion and the street-sweeper? What, after all, makes the hero? Not familiarity with danger, for Sir Colin Campbell, after years of brave fighting, never drew his sword without losing color.

Most of us would like to stand for one glorious moment as heroes in the eyes of a watching world. But no spell has ever been found which will command the moment or the high courage to meet it. There are humbler virtues which we can master, and opportunities for them are always ready.

After all, a little candle burning every night through the slowly-passing years makes as much light in the house as a lightning flash once in a lifetime.—Youth's Companion.

Popularity.

The late bishop of Wakefield (the popular Dr. How) a few years ago modestly told a pleasant story of the progress of a bishop winning his way to the hearts of his people. When he first became bishop-suffragan of East London in 1878 the sight of his gaitered legs set one East-ender asking another:

"What's that?"

Answer—"A bishop."

A year later it was:

"Who's that?"

Answer—"The bishop."

Before he left London for Wakefield the answer was:

"Why, don'tcher know, that's our bishop."—Tit-Bits.

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Lv Louisville..... 8:30am 6:00pm
At Lexington..... 11:35am 8:40pm
Lv Lexington..... 11:35am 8:40pm 8:00am 5:50pm
Lv Winchester..... 1:55am 9:20pm 9:10am 6:30pm
At Mt. Sterling..... 3:25pm 5:50pm 5:50am 7:40pm
At Washington..... 6:50am 3:40pm
At Philadelphia..... 10:50am 7:05pm
At New York..... 12:40m 9:15pm

WEST BOUND.
At Winchester..... 7:30am 4:50pm 6:50am 2:50pm
At Lexington..... 8:40am 5:20pm 7:30am 3:40pm
At Frankfort..... 8:11am 6:30pm
At Shelbyville..... 10:40am 7:20pm
At Louisville..... 11:00am 8:15pm

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